MARVEL
#19
AARON
BACHALO
DOCTOR
STRANGE
GREATEST FRIEND--
FIERCEST ENEMY!
KEVIN NOWLAN

STEPHEN STRANGE was a preeminent surgeon until a car accident damaged the nerves in his hands. His ego drove him to scour the globe for a miracle cure, but instead he found a mysterious wizard called the ANCIENT ONE who taught him magic and that there are things in this world bigger than himself. These lessons led Stephen to become the Sorcerer Supreme, Earth's first defense against all manner of magical threats. His patients call him...

DOCTOR STRANGE

Doctor Strange's friend and assistant WONG has been assimilated by MR. MISERY (a monster made up of Doctor Strange's own misery, pain, and suffering) and the Sorcerer Supreme must separate the two before it's too late.

Now, with the help of librarian Zelma Stanton, Doctor Strange must perform an exorcism to extract Mr. Misery from Wong, or risk losing his best friend forever...

THE POWER OF STRANGE COMPELS YOU

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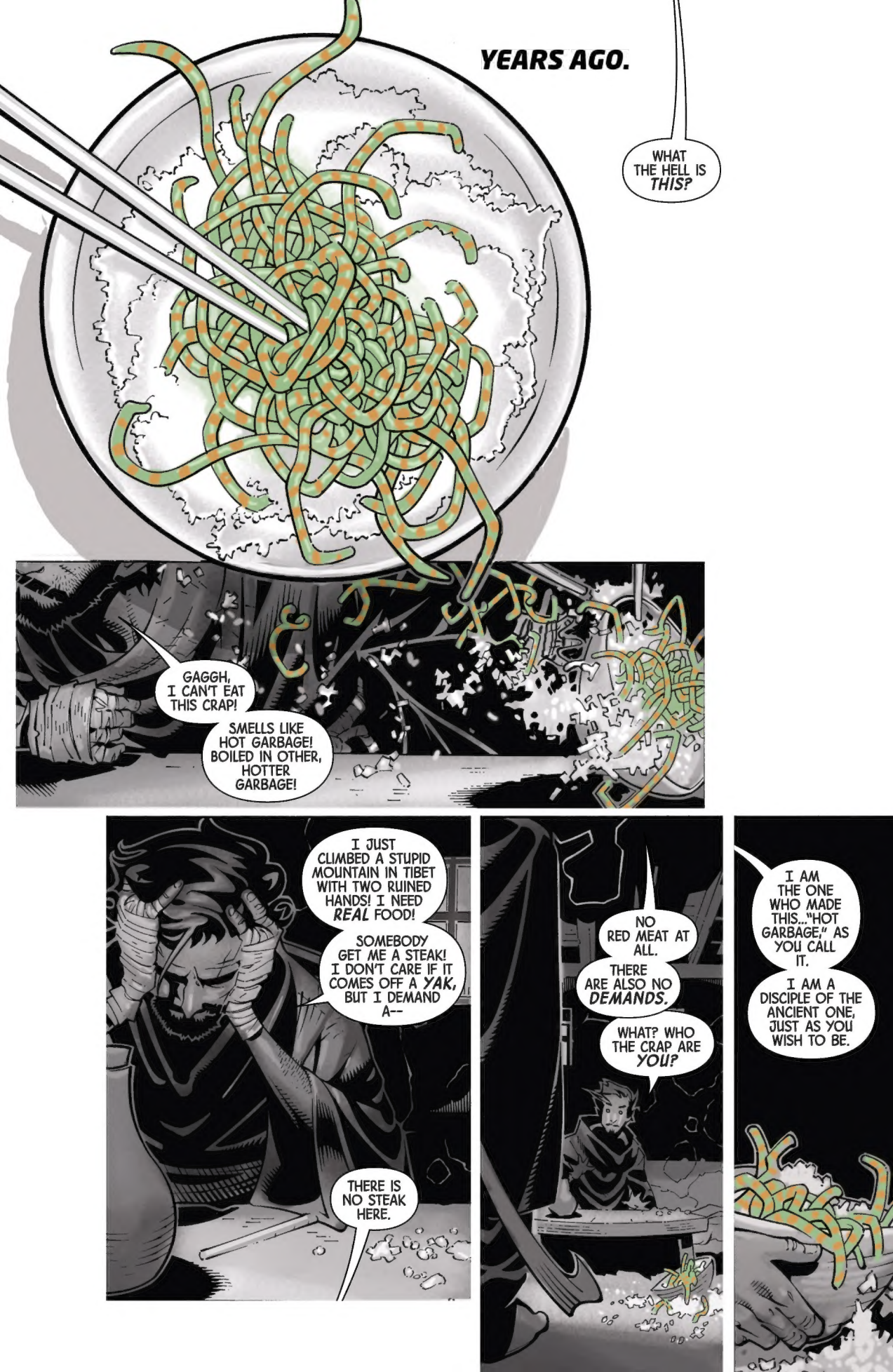

YEARS AGO.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
GAGGH, I CAN'T EAT THIS CRAP!
SMELLS LIKE HOT GARBAGE! BOILED IN OTHER, HOTTER GARBAGE!
I JUST CLIMBED A STUPID MOUNTAIN IN TIBET WITH TWO RUINED HANDS! I NEED REAL FOOD!
SOMEBODY GET ME A STEAK! I DON'T CARE IF IT COMES OFF A YAK, BUT I DEMAND A--
THERE IS NO STEAK HERE.
NO RED MEAT AT ALL.
THERE ARE ALSO NO DEMANDS.
WHAT? WHO THE CRAP ARE YOU?
I AM THE ONE WHO MADE THIS..."HOT GARBAGE," AS YOU CALL IT.
I AM A DISCIPLE OF THE ANCIENT ONE, JUST AS YOU WISH TO BE.

MY NAME IS WONG.
FIRST-BORN SON OF HAMIR THE HERMIT. FROM KAMAR-TAJ.
YOU MUST BE DOCTOR STRANGE.
A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.
YOU'RE THE COOK HERE?
AMONG OTHER THINGS. I SERVE THE ANCIENT ONE, AS MY FAMILY HAS FOR GENERATIONS.
IF YOU REALLY WANNA HELP HIM, YOU SHOULD TAKE TWO WEEKS OFF, THEN QUIT. YOU'RE A TERRIBLE COOK.
BE THAT AS IT MAY, I AM STILL THE ONLY COOK ON THIS MOUNTAIN.
AND YOU WILL EAT. IF YOU WANT TO LIVE. IF YOU WANT TO LEARN.
WHAT, YOU THINK I'M GONNA EAT THAT NOW, AFTER IT'S BEEN ON THE FLOOR?
THESE NOODLES ARE MOVING! AND NOW THEY'RE NOODLES THAT HAVE BEEN ON THE FLOOR! GO MAKE ME SOMETHING ELSE, JULIA CHILD!
I WILL MAKE YOU EAT IT, IF I HAVE TO. I MUST DO AS THE ANCIENT ONE COMMANDS.
ARE YOU THREATENING ME? WHAT, DO YOU KNOW KUNG FU OR SOMETHING? YOU NEED TO GET THE CRAPPING HELL AWAY FROM ME, IS WHAT YOU NEED TO DO, GRASS-HOPPER.
YOU WANT RID OF ME? THEN EAT AND HEAL AND LEARN, DOCTOR STRANGE.
ONLY THEN WILL YOU BE READY TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.
AND YOU'LL STILL BE HERE, MAKING THIS GARBAGE?
I SERVE THE SORCERER SUPREME. I WILL BE ON THIS MOUNTAIN UNTIL I DIE. NOW ENJOY YOUR FIRST MEAL IN THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT ONE.
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A SORCERER, THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO...
OH GOD, IT TASTES LIKE SNAIL VOMIT. I'M GONNA--

BLAUURRG-GGH!
...IS TOUGHEN YOUR STOMACH.
DID HE TOUGHEN YOUR STOMACH?
ALL THOSE YEARS, ALL THOSE HORRIBLE MEALS. ARE YOU SURE THEY WORKED?
ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE GUTS FOR THIS?
GET OUT OF WONG.
NOW.
NOW.
DID HE DO IT, DOCTOR? LIKE HE SAID HE WOULD?
OR I WILL DRAG YOU OUT OF HIM.
AND NOT GENTLY.

YOU CAN'T WIN THIS. WE BOTH KNOW IT.
I'VE DONE MORE EXORCISMS THAN YOU'VE GOT EYEBALLS, MISERY. AND THEY ALWAYS END THE SAME WAY.
IT'S AN EXORCISM FOR YOU, DOCTOR. FOR ME IT'S A VERY DIFFERENT SORT OF PROCEDURE.
AN AUTOPSY.
POOR LITTLE WONG...WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOUR FRIEND DIED?
BY THE LIGHT OF THE VISHANTI, I COMMAND YOU--
I'M NOT SOME DEMON OF THE NETHERWORLD.
YOUR SPELLS DON'T WORK ON ME.
YOU'RE LYING! I KNOW HE'S NOT DEAD!
AH YES, YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR DEAR FRIEND WONG, DON'T YOU? TELL ME...
WHAT IS WONG'S FAVORITE FOOD?
HE'S EATEN IT EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST SINCE HE WAS FIVE.
WHAT IS IT?

WE'RE NOT HERE TO TALK ABOUT FOOD.
HA HA HA HA HA HA
BY THE LIGHT OF THE VISHANTI AND THE POWER OF THE DWELLERS IN DARKNESS--
I'VE RUMMAGED THROUGH THE RECESSES OF WONG'S MEMORIES, LOOKING FOR THE SHARPEST DAGGER WITH WHICH TO STAB YOU. AND I FOUND IT.
BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR--
THE THREE MOST HURTFUL WORDS A PERSON CAN EVER HEAR.
I LOVE YOU.
YOU BASTARD. DON'T YOU DO THIS.
WONG LOVES YOU. LIKE A FATHER LOVES HIS SON. HE'S DEVOTED HIS ENTIRE LIFE TO YOU.
HE HAS NO WIFE, NO FAMILY. NO LIFE BEYOND THIS SANCTUM.
WHEN HE DIES, HIS FAMILY LINE DIES WITH HIM.
YET STILL HE LOVES YOU. WITH ALL HIS BEING.
AND YOU CAN'T RETURN THE FAVOR, CAN YOU?
DAMN IT, IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING AGAMOTTO!

RRRRGGHHH!!!
HAHAHAHAAAHA

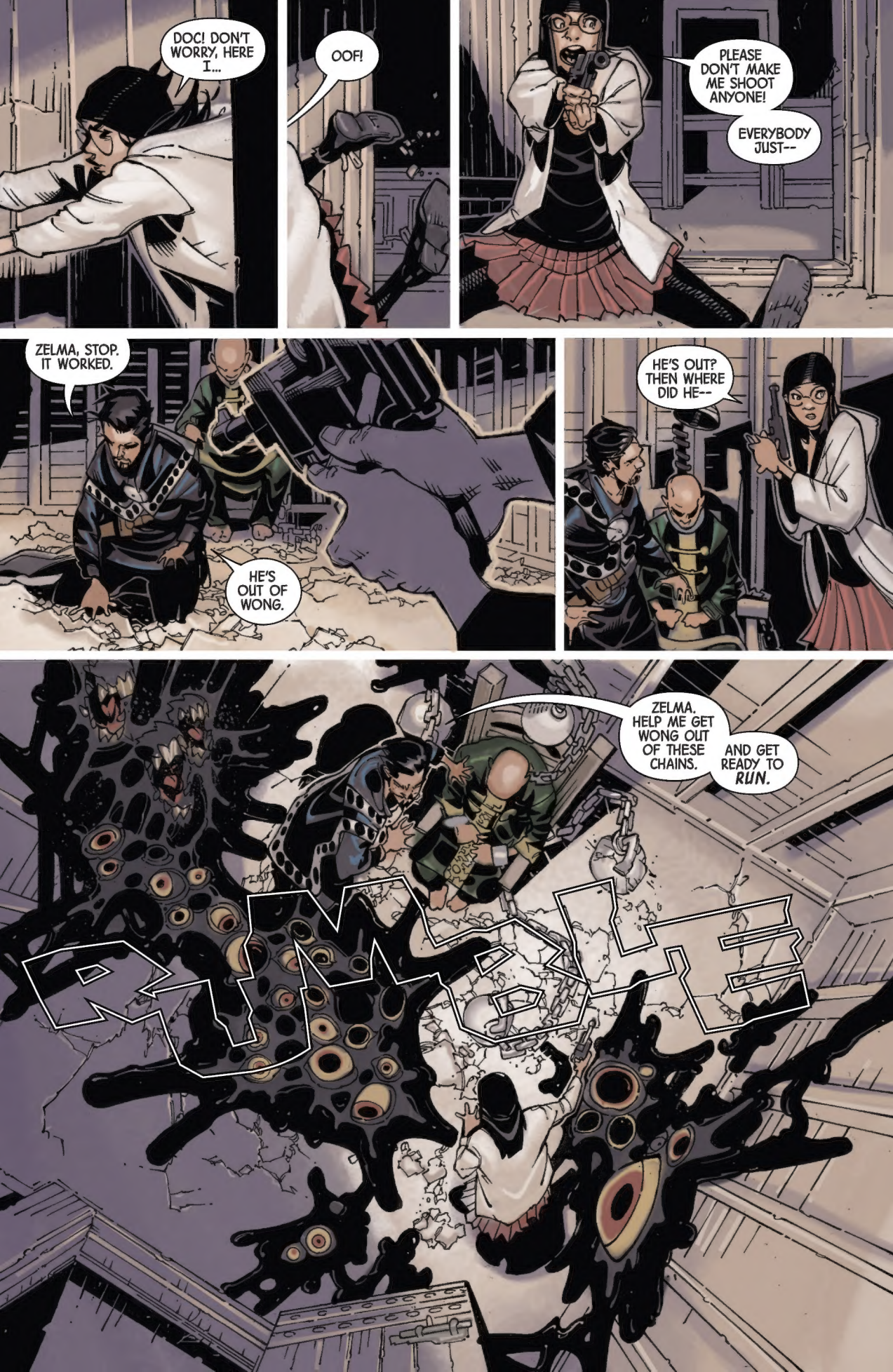
HA HA HAAA.
I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG.

BUT SO HAVE YOU.
LOVE. THAT'S HOW YOU THINK YOU CAN *HURT* ME?

LOVE'S NOT EVEN IN THE JOB DESCRIPTION FOR A SORCERER SUPREME.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT IS?

PAIN.

HHSSSSS SSS
GGRRRRRRGGGGHH!!!
WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
SS
HHSS
YOU REMEMBER MY PAIN, DON'T YOU, OLD BUDDY? YOU SHOULD. IT'S WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF.
SSSSS
HHSSS
AND YOU WANT IT AGAIN, DON'T YOU?
STOP THAT.
YOU'RE DRAWN TO IT.
NO... YOU...
DOCTOR STRANGE? STEPHEN, IS THAT YOU?
WONG? DON'T...
HHRRRRRGGGH!!!
BY THE LIGHT OF THE...
GAAGGGH!!!


DOC! DON'T WORRY, HERE I...
OOF!
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME SHOOT ANYONE!
EVERYBODY JUST--
ZELMA, STOP. IT WORKED.
HE'S OUT OF WONG.
HE'S OUT? THEN WHERE DID HE--
ZELMA. HELP ME GET WONG OUT OF THESE CHAINS.
AND GET READY TO RUN.
RUMBLE

YEARS AGO.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA?

SOLD

UH. NO?

NO, NOT *REALLY*, I GUESS. NOT AT ALL.

I'M NOT SURE *ANYTHING* I'VE BEEN DOING FOR MONTHS NOW HAS BEEN WHAT YOU COULD CALL "A GOOD IDEA," WONG...

...BUT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DOING IT ALL ANYWAY.

I MEANT SPECIFICALLY THE IDEA OF PLANTING TREES IN WHAT WILL NOW BE YOUR LIVING ROOM.

I JUST SPENT THE LAST FEW DOLLARS I HAD LEFT BUYING THIS RUNDOWN OLD PLACE.

YOU MEAN IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY *WEIRD* PLACE, DON'T YOU?

IF THIS IS GOING TO BE MY SUPER SECRET SORCERER HEADQUARTERS, IT'S GOING TO NEED SOME...UNIQUE PERSONALITY.

IS IT TOO LATE TO GO BACK TO THE COLD SHACK ON THE MOUNTAIN?

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE *REFRIGERATOR*, MY FRIEND. YOU'RE GOING TO ADORE IT.

RUN, ZELMA!

MISERY IS IN THE SANCTUM! YOUR HOUSE IS *POSSESSED!*

GAGGH, WHO'S THE IDIOT WHO PLANTED ALL THESE TREES?!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE FRONT DOOR! GOT TO GET WONG OUT...

NOT THIS WAY!

HEAD FOR THE WEST WING! THROUGH THE SWAMP!

WE SHOULD GO THROUGH THE CAVES!
NO! WITH WONG GONE, NO ONE'S FED THE BATS FOR DAYS!
MAKE FOR THE HAUNTED ELEVATOR!
WHAT DID HE DO TO YOUR BATHROOM?
IT WAS ALREADY LIKE THIS! NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS! JUST KEEP RUNNING!
JUST KEEP SLIDING!
AAAAAHHH!!!

WE'RE ALMOST TO THE...

GUUGH!

UH, DOC.
THIS IS *REALLY* NOT A GOOD TIME TO GET KNOCKED OUT. YOU DO REALIZE WE'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE THE...

...KITCHEN.
OF COURSE IT HAD TO BE THE DAMN KITCHEN.

ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS, ISN'T THERE? GOTTA FIND SOMETHING TO HELP WAKE UP THE DOC. THAT MEANS...
SORRY, FRYING PAN, GUESS I GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A FIRE.
YOU GUYS JUST GO AHEAD AND LIE THERE FOR A SECOND.

LUNCH IS ON ME.

MOMENTS LATER.
THAT'S RIGHT, EAT UP, DOC. POPEYE NEEDS HIS SPINACH.
WHAH... WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
WHY DOES MY MOUTH TASTE LIKE BATTERY ACID?
YOU WERE OUT. YOU NEEDED A PICK-ME-UP, SO I GRABBED SOME LEFTOVERS. BUT I, UH...
...I DID HAVE TO MURDER YOUR REFRIGERATOR.
WE'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN THAT.
NO MORE GAMES, DOCTOR!
NOW IT'S JUST TIME TO DIE!
FOR ALL OF YOU!

I'M ALL OUT OF BULLETS AND AXES, DOC. WHAT DO WE DO?
WE WAKE UP WONG.

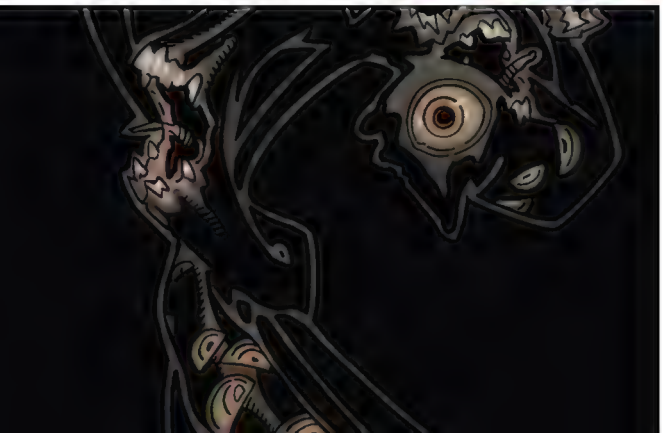
I NEED YOU TO WAKE UP NOW, WONG. I NEED YOU TO HEAR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO SAY.
WONG! LISTEN TO ME! MISERY...
...MISERY WAS RIGHT!

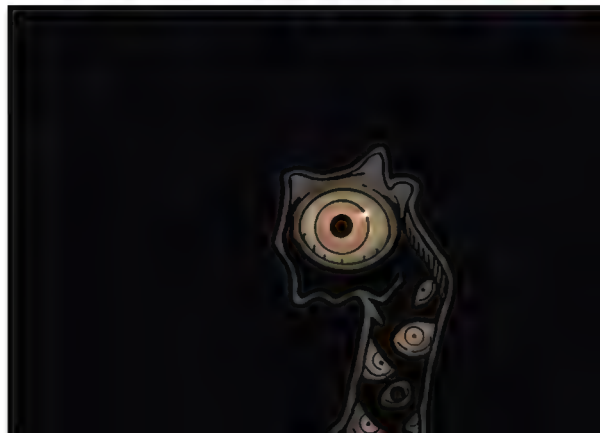
I DON'T LOVE YOU!
I DON'T LOVE ANYONE!
I CAN'T! I CAN'T CARE ABOUT PEOPLE BECAUSE...

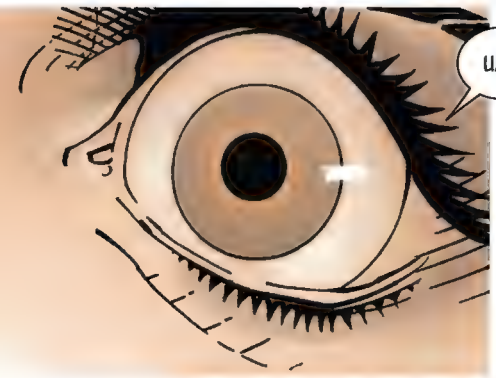
...BECAUSE THEY'RE JUST THINGS TO ME! THEY HAVE TO BE! SACKS OF MEAT WITH SOULS INSIDE!
LOVE IS FOR CHILDREN AND POETS AND FOOLS!
DOC, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU SAYING? GARRGH, DOC...!
WONG, I NEED YOU TO HEAR ME NOW!

WONG! I DON'T LOVE YOU! AND I NEVER WILL!

WONG, ARE YOU...






UM.

NOT DEAD YET. HOW AM I NOT...
IT'S ALL RIGHT.

I'VE GOT THINGS IN HAND.
SORT OF.
I THINK.

OH WOW. OKAY, IS NOW THE TIME I'M SUPPOSED TO USE THE--

NO.

IT'S OVER.

I'M STARVING.

WHAT'S FOR BREAKFAST?
I HAVE NO IDEA. STEPHEN SAID HE WOULD BE PROCURING SOMETHING.
HE'S FORBIDDEN ME FROM COOKING UNTIL HE'S SATISFIED I'VE RECOVERED FROM MY ORDEAL.
AND BESIDES, IT APPEARS SOMEONE VICIOUSLY GUNNED DOWN MY REFRIGERATOR.

YEAH, DON'T BLAME ME. THAT THING TOTALLY HAD IT COMING.
WHERE IS THE DOC, ANYWAY?

BLARRRGGGH!

NEVER STOP PUNCHING.
NEVER... HGGGHKK.
NO, NEVER... NEVER...
NEVER STOP HURTING.
NEVER STOP HURTING.
NEVER STOP...

WHO'S HUNGRY FOR BREAKFAST?

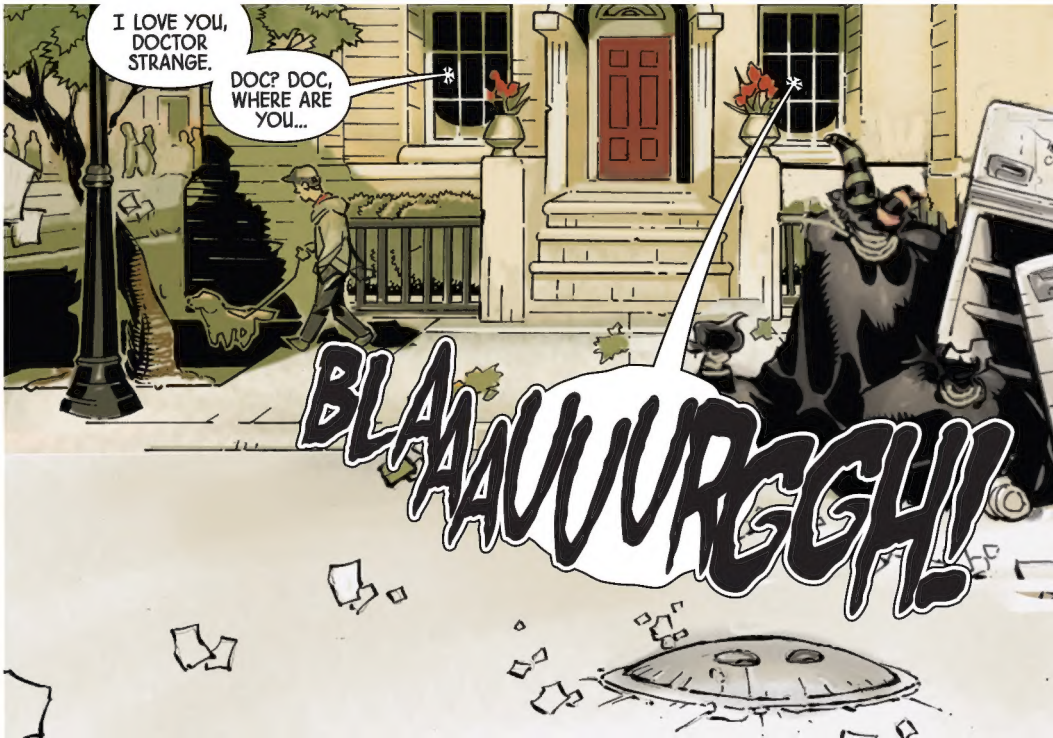
I'VE GOT PIZZA BAGELS WITH A SIDE OF BREAKFAST TACOS FOR ZELMA.
ALL MY FAVORITE FOOD GROUPS IN *ONE!*
AND FOR WONG, YOUR FAVORITE FOOD...

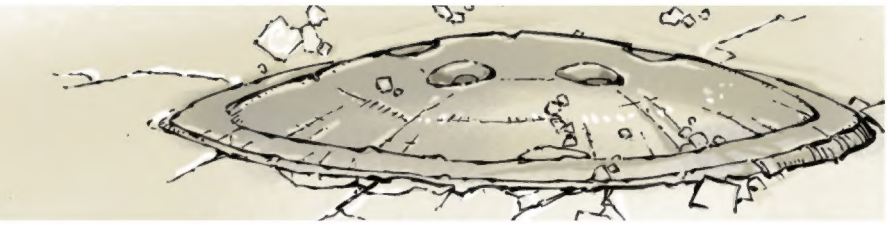
...OATMEAL WITH RAISINS.
SMELLS DELIGHTFUL, STEPHEN.

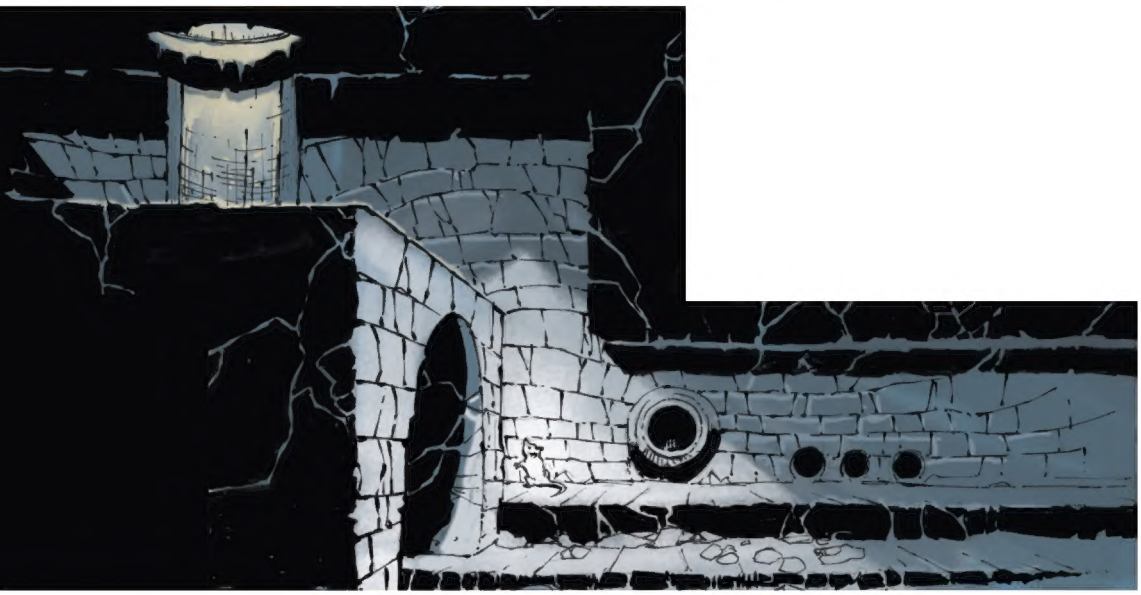
BUT I THOUGHT YOUR FAVORITE FOOD WAS--
HUSH.

STEPHEN... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
NEVER... NEVER FELT BETTER. I JUST...

WONG, I WANT YOU TO KNOW...EVERYTHING I SAID TO YOU, WHEN MISERY WAS...
YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN, STEPHEN.
I KNOW THAT WHAT YOU SAID WAS ONLY MEANT TO CAUSE YOU PAIN. SO MISERY WOULD BE DRAWN TO YOU, REABSORBED BY YOU.
I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, STEPHEN. NOT FOR A MOMENT.
MISERY WAS THE MONSTER. NOT YOU.
RIGHT.
SO HOW DO WE REPLACE THE FRIDGE? IS THERE A SORCERER'S GROCERY STORE ANYWHERE AROUND HERE? MAYBE IN GREENPOINT?
FOR STARTERS, WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A TRIP TO THE DARK DIMENSION.
WHY? TO FIGHT DORMAMMU?
NO. TO GO FISHING.
HA.


I LOVE YOU, DOCTOR STRANGE.
DOC? DOC, WHERE ARE YOU...
BLAAAUUURGGH!





NEXT: THE WEIRD, THE WEIRDER, AND THE WEIRDEST!

NEXT ISSUE:
JASON AARON AND CHRIS BACHALO
SAY GOODBYE!

#20 VARIANT COVER BY DAN MORA & JESUS ABURTOV

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